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W. R. WEEKS. AT HOBTON, N. C.

Every variety, from early to late, at only 10 cents each. My trees are, of course, adapted to the soil and climate of this section, therefore will live and bear better than trees from Nurseries from a distance. Every tree is warranted. If not as represented money will be refunded. The trees can be had at my residence or will be shipped to any point ordered. Very Truly;

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FOR RENT. TWO HANDSOME

Two Story Brick Stores!

Just being completed, situated at the end of McKoy street, next to my old stand, suitable for mercantile or other purposes. Also the

UP STAIRS of the large Brick Store, the first

floor of which is now occupied by J. H. Royal. This space is suitable for Barber Shop, restaurants, etc. For particulars apply to.

WE OFFER

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IN LOTS TO SUIT! Rare bargains in job lots of

TOBACCO.

And a full stock of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Fish, &c. Consignments of Cotton and Naval Stores solicited and carefully

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10 AND 13 SOUTH WATER ST., WILMINGTON, N. J.

thing at prices that will astonish you.

Come in and see. Respectfully, MARY E. PETERSON & CO. sept26-tf

For 23 Years J T GREGORY

THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy

VOL. VIII.

A TIMELY GREETING.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

lis goodness, grace and

To blazon out the

was born, And change earth's

Rejotce, my soul, and know That Christ is born anew, His grace new mercies daily show, His works our work imbue;

And to the world his words outgo

"Merry Christmas!"-ring it out

Through the sweet magnella groves

Prozen moors, or snow heaped fells Carols rise, and yule fires glow,

Shine from out the dark green pine

Yule tide, peace and joy be thine!

"Blessed Christmas!"—ring it out, All ye tuneful festal bells, Unto cheerless hearts, wherein

Neither hope nor gladness dwells. Heavens smile, and stars shine out

All our yule decked homes about;

Christmas tide is come once more!

THE MERRITT MATTER.

CHRISTMAS RECONCILIATION.

[Copyright, 1839, by American Press Association.]

WONDER what you'll be

iam Merritt angrily to his

William Merritt was what

the people called "a hard man to get along with." He

son Albert, one day memor-

was hard, just, sincere and severe. He began mature life as a flatboat

He had been going over the hoary harangue,

with which some old people have insulted

of his early life and the degenerate sons of

these days, when Albert's satirical humor

the father. "What'll you be at my age?"

He rallied, gazed an instant on the father, then turned away with clinched teeth and

He sought his confident, Sam McCorkle

the drunken shoemaker's boy near by, who

was of the same age as Albert, but knew

fifty times as much of the tricks and devices

of the oppressed. At 10 years Sam was an

expert in evasive tricks; at 18 he was simply

a prodigy.

These two had met and conferred often-

the sad, cynical skeptic, whose father was among the well-to-do farmers of the commu-

habit of perpetual fault finding.

I did when I was a boy."

HOW HELEN BLAKE BROUGHT ABOUT

Angels stand within the door-

All ye happy festal bells,

In endless love and true.
WILLIAM E. S. FALES.

had made no sign.

knew it, indeed, about as well as he did.

Now, after the first shock was passed

something rather singular happened.

photographs—cheap, tawdry things they were, but among them was one of a tall, fair

boy, with all the glow of class leadership in his eye, and light hair curing around a bold

forehead, and under it, in round boyish script

was the autograph, "Albert Merritt."

A pang shot through the father's heart

and he longed for her to talk of his boy; but

she rattled on about Tom and Jennie and

But the mother noticed that Helen "had

forgotten her pictures," and so they lay on

the looking glass stand for many a day, where the father often saw the presentiment

of his boy, but he never touched it, and they

This time she brought a "story paper" for

pictures, but he read the story. It was a

eral army, and who was sick almost unto

of Charity wrote to the father, who came

love and forgiveness. A commonplace story

-one of ten thousand war stories of the time

-but the father's hand trembled as he read,

ever at his team, and at night was stern and

silent and solemn to a degree that surprised

The other children would occasionally ven-

Helen came the father would blame the run-

away; but she only listened quietly and ask-ed if they had ever heard of him, and turned

young people present were of that last day class at the head of which Albert Merritt had

stood. Of course Helen Blake never thought

of alluding to such a fact—"it just happened

usually did it, too. And so the conversation

rattled on about that glorious day, and the

father, whose heart was literally pounding

against his ribs, and whose internal strug-

gles were such that he could not tell whether

he was eating turkey or oak chips, talked

even his long suffering wife.

Mattie, and soon hastened home.

lay there till Helen came again.

CLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1889.

No. 19.

Look at our advertising col-

in THE CAUCASIAN?

Will it pay you to advertise

umns, and you will see how many are profiting by it.

Listen-800 subscribers in

1888; 1,669 to-day.

SCHOOL ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SCHOOL For Boys and Girls.

I will open a School in Clinton the SECOND MONDAY IN NUARY next. Tuition from \$1.00 a month up. All the branches of English, Latin, Music and Art will be

For further particulars address MISS MARY C. FERRELL, Clinton, N. C.

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REV. J. W. TURNER, A. M., Principal. MRS. J. W. TURNER, Assistant.

Spring Term Opens Monday December 30th, 1889.

This School is divided into five grades: Primary, Advanced Primary, Junior, Intermediate and Senior. Tuition rates accordng to the grades.

Latin, Greek and French are taught without extra charge. No contingent fee is charged. Where expedient, Country Proluce will be received in settlement of bills. For Rates of Tuition and further information address,

REV. J. W. TURNER, Clinton, N. C. aug8-tf

Salem High School, -: ESTABLISHED IN 1874.:-

MARION BUTLER A. B., Supt. A Boarding School for oth Sexes.

Spring Term of the Session of '89 and '90 Opens January 6th.

RATES OF TUITION. PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, { 1st Grade, 2nd Grade, -ACADEMIC, { 1st Grade, 2nd Grade, per month \$2 75

PREPARATORY COLLEGIATE, - - 3 25 The Business course is especially for young men. The course of study Book Keeping, Commercial Arithmetic and Business Law, with the equisite amount of time filled up with studies selected. Tuition per

awhile, and the little 6-year-old fell asleep Latin or French, in addition to the studies in any of the above departwith his head on Suze's knees, and her fingers nents, 25 cents extra per month. passed lovingly over the little fellow's dirty forehead, and by-and-by she leaned over and

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

In this department instructions are given in both Vocal and Instrumenal Music. Tuition per month \$2.75 each. When the Vocal and Instrumental are combined, the pupil gets twice the amount of time for practice, with a reduction of \$1.50 per month on the regular tuition rates, i. e. \$4.00 per month. No extra charge for instrument. A class of girls in ELOCUTION will be started at the opening of the

went from the mouths of every one but the term. Special training in Reading and in Recitations. Tuition 75 cents The Athenian Lit. Club and Philotechnic Lit. Society, separate organi-

zations for the girls and boys respectively, are an attractive feature of BOARD:

Good Board, including washing, lights, &c. can be obtained in good families, convenient to the school, at from \$6.00 to \$7.00 per month. For further particulars address, G. E. BUTLER, (U. N. C.) Principal,

CLINTON FEMALE INSTITUTE!

This School, organized three years ago under the present management, has steadily grown in numbers and reputation. The Spring Session will begin

JANUARY 6th, 1890.

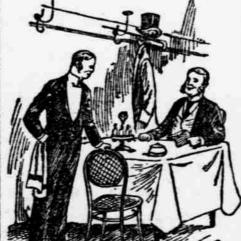
Thorough instruction given by competent and experienced teachers in all of the departments, Collegiate, Music and Art. TERMS REASONABLE. Boarding Department under the supervision of the Principal. For further information apply for Catalogue.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, Principal.

DY VIRTUE OF A DECREE! D of the Superior Court of Sampson county, made in the case

yet, little boy!

An Awful Possibility.



of J. H. Turlington vs. Arthur Vana, the same being a proceeding for the partition of personal property, for the purpose of making said partiton, the undersigned, commissioner of Tramp (to little Willie, who has opened the said court, will sell, by public aucdoor)-Have yer had yer Christmas dinner tion, for cash, at the Courthouse Little Willie-No; we're just going to eat door in Clinton, N. C., on Friday, the 3rd day of January, 1890, the Tramp—Then perhaps, if I wait around, I can get some of the eatables left over.

Little Willie (feeling of his stomach)—
There ain't going to be anything left.

Trailing the described in the petition in said cause, consisting of one steam engine and boiler, 18 horse power, engine and boiler, 18 horse power, we have received: Talbett make; saws, saw and log carriage, cut off saw and all the belt,

NOTICE.

This Dec. 12th, 1889.-4t. NOTICE!

HENRY E. FAISON, Att'y.

December 12th, 1889.-dec19-6t

Many Persons

cares Brown's Iron Bitters

Administrator.

the estate of S. O. Sutton, deceased. tors of said estate to present their claims, duly proven, on or before their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make prompt settle-S. R. DAUGHTRY,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

which are a sample of the hundreds J. C. Henns, Hobton, N. C .-- I

used a pair of your Plow Line Rings last year. I find they are easier for J. H. PACKER, Keener, N. C.

J. C. Hobbs, Esq.- I have been pleased with them

J. C. HOBBS, dec5-tf Hobton, N. C.

HAVING THIS DAY QUAL ified as admin strator upon Executor's Notice

notice is hereby given all the credi- THE UNDERSIGNED HAV-

I ing qualified as executor to the last will and testament of Jas. the 12th day of November, 1890, or the last will and testament of Jas. this notice will be plead in bar of H. Lamb, dec, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against the estate of said testator, to present them within twelve months from the date hereof, duly authenticated, or this notice will be plead

in bar of their recovery, All persons indebted to said estate are requested to come forward and make immediate payment. J. C. LAMB, Executor. W. S. THOMSON, Attorney.

rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes ex-December 18th, 1889.-19-6t



Now Helen was quite satisfied in her own mind that the little surprise had done its work, but that evening her brother brought home the weekly mail, and in it, after all her weary waiting, a little surprise for her. It was a copy of The Tekeewah (Kan.) Bugle, and great was the wonder in the family as to the why and wherefore of its coming; but Helen knew. There wasn't a mark of any kind on the printed sheet, so she set berself resolutely to read every line. Never had far western publisher in the most heated camnity, and the finished trickster, whose father was the outcast; they often laid out wonder-ful plans of life in distant regions; but soon a fair young face rose before Albert Merritt's WILMINGTON, N. C.

oct10—tf

oct10—tf

MARY E. PETERSON.

JULIAN LEWISMary E. Peterson & Co.,
Mary E

was now whitening visibly. His broad, burnot be for gotten. These epistles he took with ly shoulders had begun to stoop. His hard ly shoulders had begun to stoop. His hard eyes had lost somewhat of their steadiness, has occupied his same

TAILOR ESTABLISHMENT

On Church Street. The great and original leader in low prices for men's clothes. Economy in cloth and money will force you to give him a call.

Will force you to give him a call.

Fashion plates always on hand.

June 7th. 1yr.

In in it is flight, and a day or two later entrusted them to Sam McCorkle to post, but the should, while the postmark, and occasionally there were lines denotings, and occasionally there were lines denoted to go, too, "just to take care of Al," he explained to the boys. Sam was astormed, but he did not remonstrate, and finally concluded to go, too, "ijust to take care of Al," he explained to the boys. Bat secretly he was glad of the excuss. The next issue of The Tekeewah Bugle continued this paragraph:

"Our well known townsman, Mr. Albert was his sister Suze. They were orphans trying the additional money will force you to give him a call.

The next issue of The Tekeewah Bugle continued the special was his sister Suze. They were orphans trying the saddle—had almost thrown him on the saddle—had almost thrown townsman, Mr. Albert was his sister Suze. They were orphans trying to take their own was head and the ment of the city street.





Mrs. Merritt, saying that the main story in it had interested her very much; and after she was gone William Merritt picked it up and pished and pshawed and ridiculed the commonplace novelette of a son, who had fled from a harsh father and enlisted in the Fed-"CAN'T WE GET ALBERT BACK!" And so when Helen next paid the Merritt death in a southern hospital, and how in de-lirium he babbled of home, and how a Sister homestead a visit she found the fortress of the old man's heart ready to yield. She had the day before received a copy of The Tekeewah Bugle, in which she found the following and patiently nursed his boy back to life and paragraph half way down a crudely written secount of a fire in that enterprising town: "We should utterly fail in our duty to our and he rushed to the field and drove his work readers if we omitted to take more than passwith unusual energy and shouted louder than ing note of the heroic conduct of one of our young townsmen, a prominent and efficient member of Avalanche Engine company No. 1. Of course we refer to Mr. Albert Mcrritt, ture a reference to Albert, and now when the talk to their school days. And so two years passed away and the third Christmas came. In celebration of the day the Mer-ritts were to be the guests of the Blakes, and when they gathered in the big room of the great farm house it happened that all the

than whom a braver man never drew breath. No sooner had it become known that a child was in the burning building than, at the risk of his own life, Mr. Merritt rushed into the smoke and flames, dashed up the stairs almost at a bound, and, groping about in the stifling heat, found the infant, fought his way through the fire to the window, for by this time the stairway was burning, and jumped to the ground with his precious burden safe on his arms. He was greeted with such a cheer as only Tekeewah throats can give. We regret to be obliged to slid that Mr. Merritt suffered a painful, though not necessarily dangerous, injury in the breaking of an arm, which was struck by a falling timber. He was also rather severely burned. It is hoped, howso," her parents thought—but there were plenty in a class of eight young people who could talk as fast as they could think, and

ever, that he will soon be himself again." This paper Helen brought with her but carefully hidden. She had determined, if need be, to show it to the stern father, but she proposed to hold it for the last resort. But her manner (for, though ordinarily calm, she was now much excited) betrayed her, and as soon as William Merritt looked into her face he knew that she knew something of Albert; and her unwonted agitation, as he gazed fixedly at her, convinced him that something was amiss with his son. Mrs. Merritt was about to speak when her hus-band interrupted her in strained, quivering "Helen Blake," he said, "is Albert dead?

Tell me the truth!" There was a world of paternal love in the old man's voice now. But for a moment Helen said nothing, for she felt that were she to speak she would instantly and completely lose her self control. So with a deprecatory gesture and a white face she walked to the window to compose herself, while the father and mother waited in suspense. After a little she turned again to them, and, with a re-

assuring look toward Mrs. Blake, who sat with clasped hands and parted lips, she took the paper from her pocket.
"I would like to read to you an article from
The Tekeewah (Kansas) Bugle," she said, in as steady a voice as she could command. And then she read the account of the fire, from headlines to dash, without a break, and with-out looking up. When she had done she raised her eyes. Mrs. Blake was crying qui-etly and the old man was quite broken down. "Helen," he said, reaching out both hands to the girl, "it's no use. I can't be a hardened old fool no longer. Can't we get Albert back here with us? Hadn't I better go out to

Kansas and get him! Poor boy, may be he's burt worse than it says." And then the old man let the tears flow unconcealed.

That night a letter was mailed to Tekeewah, Kan. It was written by Helen, though unsigned, and here is a copy:

Late that night two lads with small bundles might have been seen, but took care not to be, on the river road, and it was soon known to all the community that they had left the place.

Of farewells the boys had scid none.

Albert had indeed written a brief note to his mother, in which he had bidden her a good-by full of clumsly worded tenderness, and another to Helen, which he had formally begun "Miss Helen Blake," and in which he had as formally expressed the hope that, though absent perhaps for years, he would be the same. His hair, which was just streaked with gray when his son Albert had left him, was now whitening visibly. His broad, bur-

he said, quietly:
"Sam, I'm going home for Christmas. I shall start as soon as I can do it safely."

He had much to tell of his new life in the west, where he had been fairly successful, and his father and mother and brothers and sisters had quite as much to tell him.

Corkle, the well known lightning rod agent."

The stage was due to pass William Merritt's

house at 4:30 o'clock on Christmas eve, but

the roads were bad and it was quite dark

when, with a sweeping curve, it swerved to the side of the pike and stopped in front of

the house, in the open front doorway of which.

in strong silhouette against the flood of light

within, stood the burly form of William Merritt, his hands outstretched with trem-

bling hopefulness.
"Come along, Sam," said one of the young men who dismounted from the back seat of

the high stage, "I need you yet."

There was a cry, in which recognition, wel-

come and forgiveness were all blended from

the figure in the doorway, and an answer

ried one arm in a sling. And a moment later

"Mother," he said, "our boy has come

In the ecstatic joy of meeting his mother, Albert had forgotten Sam McCorkle, and

when be looked for him that individual had

"didn't feel like he was any use when folks

was all a-cryin' and a-weepin' and fallin' on

But Albert did not look for Sam very long.

each other's necks, so he just sloped."

disappeared. As he afterward explained, he | queried:

William Merritt led this one into his house.

from the taller of the travelers, who still car-

THERE WAS A CRY. The next day there was such a Christmas gathering at William Merritt's house as had never been there before. Such roast turkey with cranberry sauce, and such juicy mince pies, and such mealy potatoes, and such fine, white home made bread, and such good things to eat generally as they who sat down at the dinner table partook of have never been excelled. All the Blakes were there, and so were all the members of that class of eight, whose photographs were the first weapon Helen had employed in storming William Merritt's flinty old heart.

And Sam McCorkle, too, the drunken shoemaker's son, full of far western dash and historian of the time "Al rescued the baby." He was "Mr. McCorkle," an bonored guest and no one received greater respect than he. But he did not rise to the height of his glory till evening, for at the dinner table Albert would not suffer his own praises to be sung in too high a key. But when Albert, seeming to have something particular to say to Helen, whose great, brown eyes sparkled un-wontedly and whose cheeks persisted in blushing furiously, led her away with him into a quiet corner and left the field to Sam, that individual chanted his hero's deeds to his heart's content and everybody else's de-

light, though he did not let slip the opportunities to tell of some things he had himself accomplished in the west. The close of this veracious history may be clipped from The Tekeewah Bugle of March "Mr. Samuel McCorkie, the gentlemanly and enterprising agent for Flash & Hittem's justly celebrated lightning rods, has returned

HENRY DAWSON.

A HUMBLE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

There was not very much on the table-in fact, it wasn't very much of a table, being made of a dry goods box stood on its side. The room belonged to the grocer, but he had told them they could have the use of it for Christmas night. In the corner there was a little, cracked stove, which was so hot that it shone like a big lump of Christmas cheer in

rom still another place.

So Suze went at it,

They fell to at once.

'Yez are the only woman here."

"Youz'll make the coffee and warrm the

abbage and meat, darlint," said Mickey.

It wasn't long before everything was

ready, and they gathered around the box.

stew pan had tickled the twelve little nostrils,

and the six mouths were as eager to taste t

your succulent Christmas turkey bones.

poor little dinner as ever yours was to pick

"I'm 'fraid the coffee ain't very good," said

Suze. But she smiled the satisfied smile that

every housewife smiles while decrying her

own dainties, and was as pleased as you ever

Before very long the dinner had been

eaten. They sat around and talked for

The tallow candle burned low in its green

bottle candlestick, and when Piper rose and

"Well, fellers-and Suze-has we had

merry Crismuss?" A fervent "You bet!"

6-year-old, and he smiled in his sleep.

The dianer party wasover. D. E. M.

The Drumstick.

Behold my rotund wealth of meat,

ith all its julces, rich and sweet!

How firm, how solid, are my parts, And how I go straight to the hearts

Of children, with distended jaws, In wait to hide me in their maws.

Upon the table, while you wait With eager eyes and teeth that burn,

How crisp my skin, and, oh! how brown And how I tickle going down; And, then, my bone, oh! what delight,

How would you like, on Christmas Day,

To tramp till noon and then, we'll say, To come back home well almost starved

Botween your finger and your thumb
You hold me up, thus (yum, yum, yum)
I tickle every nerve, I thrill
Your stomachs, and I fill the bill
And with all men I authing lack—

In fact, I have the inside track!
Tom Masso

"A merry Christmas!" far and wide

A greeting glad this Christmastide

Rings out this wish on every hand,

echoing through all the land.

And find me waiting, nicely carved?

Ah! how I love to lie in state

Until it comes to be your turn.

To pick it till it's clean and white.

were, my fine lady, in similar circum

when Rocks exclaimed in answer:

"Finer'n Delmonico's, I'll bet."

The savory odor from the coffee pot and

Tingle agin afore next Tris'mas!
"No, dear."



Little Emma-Mover, won't we see Tris shafting, apparatus and appliances "No, dear."

"Umbe. Mebby he might dit sick and die afore nen, an' nen we'd be in a bad fix."—

Kentucky State Journal.

one cotton gin, 40 sew, belt and wire protection to plow lines, and would not be without them. Can recomusually connected therewith. Also Also one grist mill, rocks and all the gearing, belts, fixtures, &c., connected therewith. All of which is in Honeycutts township, Sampson using your IVm Rings and am well F. R. COOPER, Commissioner.